

## OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

### THE LORD MADE THEM ALL.

ALL things bright and beautiful,  
All creatures great and small,  
All things wise and wonderful,—  
The Lord God made them all.

Each little flower that opens,  
Each little bird that sings,—  
He made their glowing colours,  
He made their tiny wings.

The purple-headed mountain,  
The river running by,  
The morning and the sunset  
That lighteth up the sky.

The tall trees in the greenwood,  
The pleasant summer sun,  
The ripe fruits in the garden,—  
He made them every one.

He gave us eyes to see them,  
And lips that we might tell  
How great is God Almighty,  
Who hath made all things well.

—Kble.

### GREEN GRAPES.

"WHAT are you eating, Belle?" asked Mrs. Coleman, coming suddenly into the garden one August afternoon.

"Eating, mamma?" repeated Belle, to gain time in which to frame an excuse for her conduct.

"Yes; you understand me. Have you been touching those green grapes?"

It was useless for Belle to deny it, as appearances were against her; she was certainly chewing something, and she was suspiciously near the vines.

"Ye-es, ma'am," answered she slowly; then added, eagerly, "but indeed I only took two."

"I am very glad it was no more; they are enough to kill you. I can't imagine why you children are always meddling with green grapes—nasty, sour things! I don't see what pleasure there can be in eating them."

"Will they soon be ripe?"

"In a few weeks; then you may have as many as any reasonable little girl could expect, but I forbid you to touch them until then. Will you promise me not to eat another green grape?"

"I'll try not to, ma'am."

"Well, if you really try, you will succeed. It will be a good thing if you say to yourself whenever you come near these vines, 'Lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil.' Perhaps the prayer will keep your little fingers from mischief."

Belle kept away from the vines for some time; but at last her sharp eyes discovered that the grapes were no longer green, but red, a pale, sickly red, to be sure, for when ripe the grapes were almost black; but still they were no longer green in colour.

"Oh, see the grapes! Don't they look nice?" cried she to a young cousin who was visiting her.

"Yes, they do. Are they most ripe?"

"Why, of course they are, Carrie. Let's go and taste them," said she, leading the little one to the vines.

"Will your mamma like it?" asked Carrie.

"She'll not care. Come on!"

Belle picked two bunches and gave one to Carrie; they made wry faces when they tasted the first grape, for it was hard and sour, but they kept bravely on until they had each devoured two good-sized bunches. It is won-

derful what trash children will eat! If such sour fruit had been given to them as medicine, what a fuss they would have made over it!

Belle did not feel easy in her mind while eating the hard, unpalatable grapes, but she kept saying to herself, "I promised mamma that I wouldn't eat any green grapes, and those are not green; every one of them is real red."

So they were, yet they were unripe, and Belle knew that was what her mamma meant.

That night Belle had all sorts of bad dreams, and Carrie more than once cried out in her sleep. When morning came both the children were quite sick, and the doctor was summoned. His first words were, "Well, what have these youngsters been eating?"

"I'm sure I don't know," answered Belle's mother; then quickly added, "Belle, have you and Carrie eaten any green grapes?"

"No, ma'am," answered Belle, faintly, she felt so sick and was in such severe pain.

"Are you sure—very sure?"

"'Deed and 'deed we never ate a single solitary green grape."

"Then they must have taken cold," said Mrs. Coleman, who could not believe that Belle would tell a falsehood.

The doctor gave them some bitter medicine and went away; when he came again he found Carrie very ill, and though he did his best to save her, the poor little sufferer died before morning.

"Oh, mamma," moaned Belle, when she learned that her little cousin was dead, "am I going to die too?"

"I hope not, my love, the doctor says that you are better, but you must take your medicine regularly."

"Oh, I am so sick! I wish I hadn't touched those nasty grapes."

"Grapes!" repeated her mother. "Did you eat them, after all? And you said yesterday that you did not!"

"I did not eat any green ones: they were a little bit red."

"You knew what I meant by green grapes. I meant unripe ones, of course, no matter what their colour was. Oh, Belle, your disobedience has led to your little cousin's death! And I trusted you when you gave me your promise," added Mrs. Coleman, weeping to think of the awful results of one act of disobedience, one broken promise, one lie.

Belle never again failed to keep the spirit of a promise, as well as the words.

### LOST IN THE SNOW.

LITTLE Annie and Robert Bruce, who live far west, were overtaken on their way home from school one day by a sudden and very heavy snow-storm. Annie was only nine years old, and her brother was younger. They struggled along as best they could, but when they reached a certain hollow they could not find the path. They tried in vain to find some trace of it. The blinding and piercing wind was fast overcoming the little creatures, and they sank down to rest.

"O, what shall we do?" said Robert; "I'm so cold!"

This roused Annie to a fresh effort, and at

last she thought that they had reached home, but the house was not there. "The wind has blown the house away!" cried Annie, in despair; then remembering how her mother had always taught her to pray when in trouble, she clasped her arms about her little brother and knelt down and prayed, with all the trust and earnestness of childhood, for God to stop the storm.

Who can know but that some blessed messenger from God guided the father's footsteps? for, as she ceased, she saw three dim figures passing, and rising from her knees she was clasped in her father's strong arms. The men had not seen the little crouching figures in prayer, but the children saw them and arose, or they might have been found in the bitter morning, kneeling, cold and white. How triumphantly the little benumbed creatures were borne to their home twenty rods away, and with what overflowing hearts the parents listened to their sweet voices as they sang together after they were snugly tucked away in bed!

### DON'T WANT TO GROW UP BAD.

REALLY, of all the spectacles of neglect and want in a "cold world," none is more pitiful than that of a child begging—not for charity, but for Christian care and moral training.

A case of this kind was recently given by the New York "Times." A bright little boy, twelve years old, who said his name was Tommy McEvoy, went alone into the Jefferson Market Police Court last evening, and said to Justice Morgan, "Judge, your honour, I want to give myself up."

"Why, my boy?" asked the court.

"Because," replied the lad, "I hain't got no home, and I don't want to live in the streets and become a bad boy."

"But where have you been living?"

"With my aunt. She lives in Forty-first street. But she gets drunk, and she won't let me stay in-doors. To-day she chased me out, and said if I ever came back she would do something awful to me. I'm afraid of her, and so I've got no home. Father and mother are both dead. Nobody will take me in because I hain't got nice clothes, and don't look nice. I can't get any work, and I can't get anything to eat unless I beg or steal it. Then the cops will take me in; I don't want to get arrested. I don't want to steal or be a bad boy. Won't you please send me somewhere

ere I can learn something, and get to be a man? There is places like that, ain't there?"

The justice told the boy there were such places for good boys, and taking the little fellow under his protection, promised to find him a home in some good institution.

LOVE not sleep lest thou come to poverty; open thine eyes and thou shalt be satisfied with bread.—*Prov. xx. 13.*

WHOSO robbeth his father or his mother, and saith it is no transgression; the same is the companion of a destroyer.—*Prov. xxviii. 24.*

"BE ye kind one to another; tender-hearted; forgiving one another, even as God for Christ's sake, hath forgiven you." (*Eph. iv. 32.*)